

# THE CONFESSION OF A FAKE.

Being a Faithful Account of How the Charms of Music Aided the Quick Sales of "Coral Oil, the King of Pain."

"EVER been a patent medicine faker?"

"Oh, of course not! Virtuous indignation and all that sort of thing. Oh, very well, I apologize. Why should any one suspect you? Why, indeed? Ain't a darn one of you's got the brains. But, say, you missed half your life when you weren't. There's lots of fun to be gotten out of fakery. You'd better order a few bottles of 'Coral Oil, the King of Pain.' And of all the fakers in the whole blame business the patent medicine faker's the biggest fake of all. 'N' d'you ever even have a heart to heart talk with a real genuine faker? No—well, then, you've missed a quainter more of your life. But if any of you have got the price to buy, I'll try to fix that for you while there is time."

It was a picturesque liar-chap who made that proposition. Said his name was John Stanton—which may or may not be true. Anyhow, it does for publication and as an evidence of good faith. He had met up with the reporter in the—er—well, the boozarium of a little country "hotel" on "the Virginia side." And, it being pay day, the reporter had the price, thereby saving for possible future use the small remaining portion of his life which he had not "missed."

John Stanton had reached the boozarium as one of a traveling brass band, which had been serenading the hotel—six or eight Tommy Tuckers, singing for their suppers—and singing not in vain.

Stanton worked the trombone—and worked it hard. He had won the admiration of the group of small boys who gathered as soon as the band tuned up. Particularly he had impressed the colored contingent, who had never seen such an instrument before, and who gazed, open mouthed, and listened, open eared, until one dusky youth, unable to contain himself, burst out: "Fo' de Lawd's sake; jes' look at dat man wid er slippin' horn!" thereby disrupting the band and bringing the serenade to a sudden termination.

## Long Hair and a Stiff Knee.

Stanton was a tall, lanky fellow, with long hair hanging down about his shoulders, and one of his legs was stiffened at the knee, so he walked with a limp that Henry Irving would have been proud of. He was lean and loosely hung together; he had lazy brown eyes, that were keen enough when he chose, a drawl that was more than anything the price of admission to a third that one felt must have been raised "somewhere east of Suez."

"I might just as well confess at the start that as a musician, I'm all there—no fake about that. I'm an all-round brass band artist. I am. 'N' play anything from an E-flat clarinet to a good old-time bell over shoulder, double B-flat tuba, and play 'em all well. I learned my trade in the band of the Edinburgh Royal Artillery before I ever came to this country. I'm partial to the trombone—that's my specialty. But there ain't one of these instruments I couldn't take an' play it a heap better than the man it belongs to."

He paused a minute to see if any of the band would contradict him, but

none of them did—whether from motives of honesty or discretion, dependent said not. "An' my stiff leg ain't no fake, neither. I got that bel'n' blown up in a mine, near Steator, Ill., an' that cured me of any soarin' ambition I might have been afflicted with."

"But my hair—well, that ain't no fake—it's just a tender memory of a James Dandy in the fake line. That was grown by 'Coral Oil, the King of Pain.' I put in considerable time and energy exploiting that marvelous concoction, and was particeps criminis—which isn't as bad as it sounds—to a scheme for selling it at \$1 a bottle at a profit of 87 cents on the cost of each bottle sold. That's a profit that John D. himself wouldn't have sneezed at. It was good business while it lasted. The only trouble was that we hadn't his nerve, and when they began yelling 'tainted money' at us—an

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## Mental Irregularity Reduced to a Fine Science

DR. GEORGE M. PARKER, while still a young man, is one of the eminent mental specialists in New York. He carefully selected his line of investigation and made it a life study. He is called into many cases as an expert, and it was his testimony a few months ago that saved the life of one George Wood, on trial for murder in New Jersey.

Dr. Parker recently consented to an interview with the Cleveland Plain Dealer correspondent upon the science of mental irregularity and not only that but agreed to make himself understood.

"But let us start right in the beginning," he said. "You must understand that the study of mental diseases holds a rather peculiar position, for it is at once the depest of all departments of human knowledge and until recently has, as well, been the most backward in its growth. Just why this latter should be is a trifle hard to say. Of course it is due in a way to the peculiarity of the disease. To see a man vehemently declaring his divine origin, exploiting his fabulous wealth, mourning because his hands are of glass and his feet of clay, all this forms a picture in your mind, but it is only picture. You compare it with other similar pictures of similar cases, and then begin to recognize classes of insanity."

## New Ideas About the Mind.

"That is just about all insanity implied until some twenty years ago. It was only a classification. With certain kinds of cases a cure might come to pass, with others it rarely emerged, for they might have good food, exercise, recreation then was all done that might be done. The change in all this came about through an idea conceived by a German, an idea that now does not appear particularly startling. It seemed to him that we might know much more of a badly working mind if we were to comprehend the working of a normal mind. He thereby turned himself into a psychologist. Psychology at this time was breaking its shell and when it once got out of its covering the growth was mighty."

"One of the first steps showed that the mind was not the nicely planned affair which the older school had made it, pieced from this faculty and that faculty, all orderly and most pretty; rather they came to find out that mind was the working of something which has grown as the body grows, bit by bit; that although the general arrangement

of parts were there at birth, all these parts grow differently in different individuals, some coming to perfection early, some late and some not at all. They found that no experience has been utterly lost, but all has exercised an effect; that, in short, our mind at the present moment is made up of an enormous past and a large part of the present which we neither realize nor know in any completeness, but which none the less is there."

## Learned to Study Individuals.

"This," Dr. Parker continued, "began to light up insanity. The mind might be ever so strangely affected, but now you might get your fingers on its working. It was not just a picture of the present; a man raving, tearing his clothes, and in a manner merely a mania. It meant that this excellent being somewhere from some small beginning. They went on to find the beginning. Since then the study of insanity has grown. We have learned to study the individual case and those trained in this psychological work have acquired many ways of doing this. A patient is carried through a series of tests which determine with great exactness what are the functions damaged and how far this damage has gone."

"Perhaps I can best explain this by telling you of a case which fell into my hands a short time since. This case had developed the delusion that the spirits of the dead were about her constantly; she could hear the rustle of their shrouds, see them as they stalked about in the darkness of her rooms, could feel their cold hands as they were laid upon her. She could not be brought to remain within the house alone; she dared not enter a room not lighted; her life she was spending on the verge of a terror which now had brought her for commitment to an asylum. Of course this had not come without cause, yet her history showed no surface indications of this. But here the new light came in. If this cause were not to be found in her waking state, it yet might exist elsewhere. Underlying this waking state of ours, the so-called upper consciousness, is that which we call the subconsciousness. This is a strange region and in it we often find the germs of disturbance later to appear in the upper level."

"In order to get at this region one thing is necessary. You must put the patient in a state where the subconscious is dominant. Now we all enjoy at times more or less of these states,

Sleep is such, so is the dream state, the state of idle reverie, or again the absent-minded individual, too often is a creature of his uncertain subconsciousness. Artificially, however, to induce this state at times uses hypnosis. Hypnosis here is nothing more than the scalpel to the surgeon."

## What Hypnosis Revealed.